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**THESAURUS MUSICUS:**  
BEING, A  
**COLLECTION** of the Newest **SONGS**  
PERFORMED

At His *Majesties Theatres*; and at the Confort in  
*Viller-street* in York-buildings. Most of the Songs  
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To which is Annexed,  
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Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1696.

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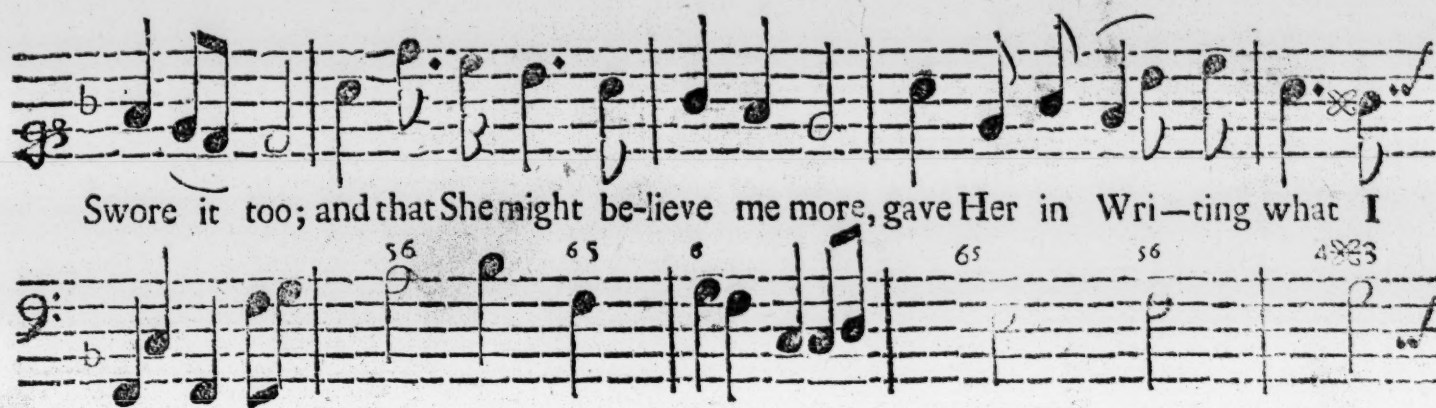
A Collection of New *AIRS*, Compos'd for Two *Flutes*, with *Sonata's*, by several of the most Ingenious Masters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.



## A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.



Promis'd *Sylvia* to be True, nay, out of Zeal, I



Swore it too; and that She might be-lieve me more, gave Her in Wri-ting what I



Swore : Nor Vows, nor Oaths can Lo-vers bind, so long as pleas'd, so



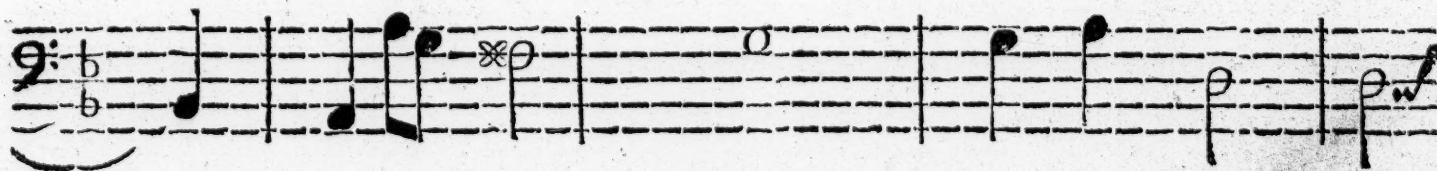
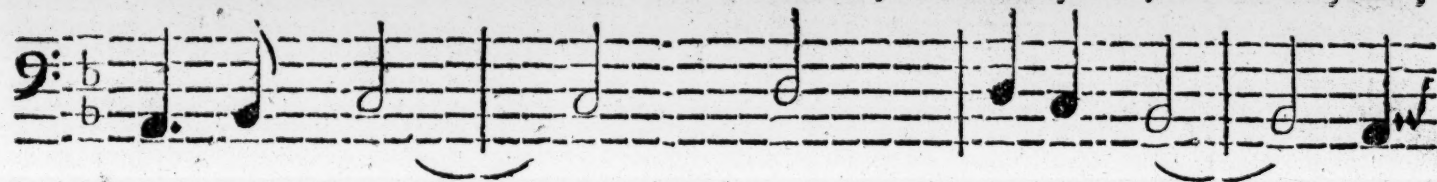
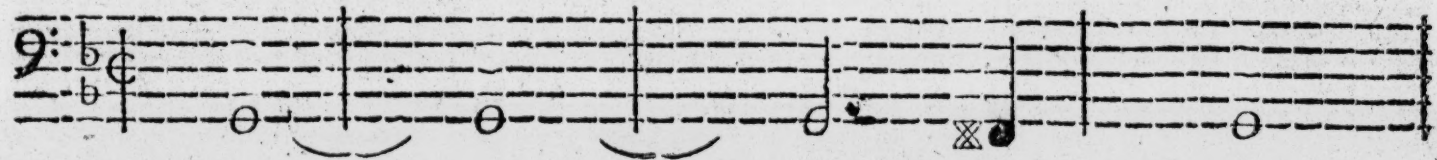
long they'r Kind; 'twas on a Leaf the Wind but blew, away both Leaf and Promise



flew, a-way both Leaf and Pro-mise flew.



## A Song Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.



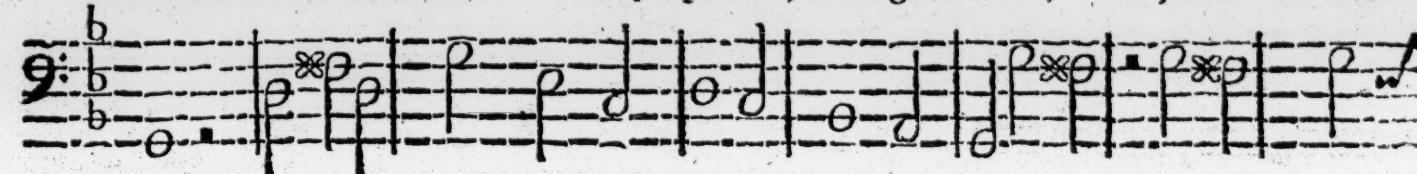




Methinks I hear the Hea——v'nly Spheres,



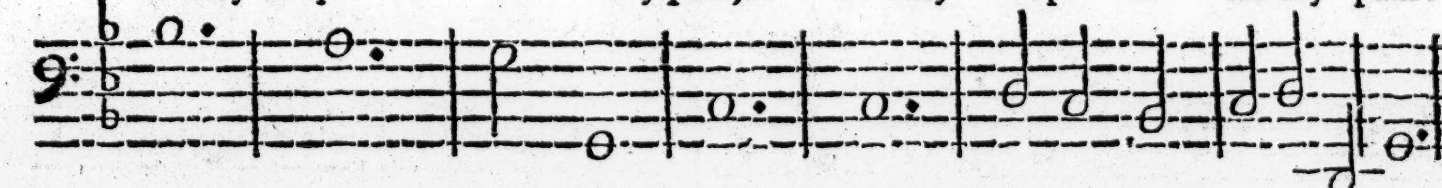
methinks I hear the Hea——v'nly Spheres; Tuning their soft, soft, their soft Me—



ludious Strains: The dewvy Clouds dis—solv——e in Tears, as if they Wept, as



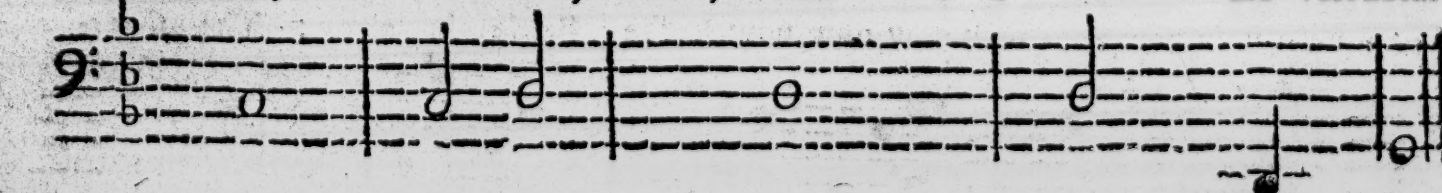
if they Wept to see my pain, as if they Wept to see my pain:



But tell the cru——el Swain, but oh! but oh! the cruel, cruel Swain that shot the



Dart, smiles, smiles at the wound, & breaks, & break——s a—— Lo--vers Heart:











— cle for Wa — r declares, for Wa — r declares, success depends, success depends up —



— cle for Wa — r declares, for Wa — r declares, success depends, success depends up —



— on our Hearts and Spears; the O — racle for Wa — r declare, for Wa — r de —



— on our Hearts and Spears; the O — racle for Wa — r declare, for Wa — r de —



— clares, success depends, success depends upon our Hearts and Spears.



— clares, success depends, success depends up — on our Hearts and Spears.



A Song in *Bonduca*, Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



**B** Britains strike home, re — venge, re — venge your Country's wrong: Strike,







strike and re—cord, strike, strike and re—cord your selves in *Dru-ids*

Songs; strike, strike and re—cord, strike, strike and re—cord, re—

—cord your selves in *Draids* Songs.

A Song in the *Lovers-Luck*. Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

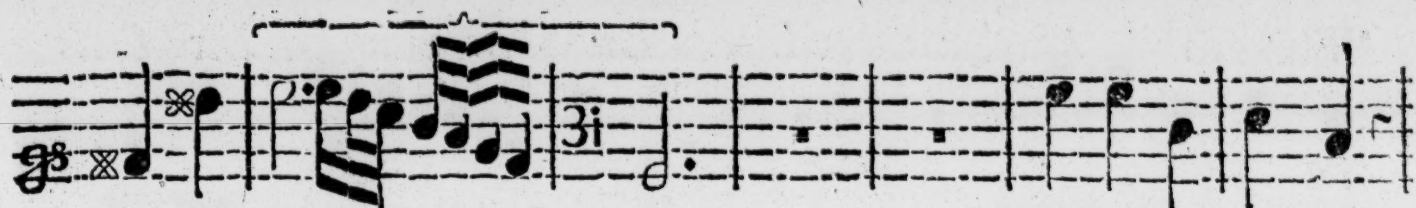


**F**ull of the God, full of the God I feel my ra—ging

Soul; Full of the God, full of the God I feel my ra—ging

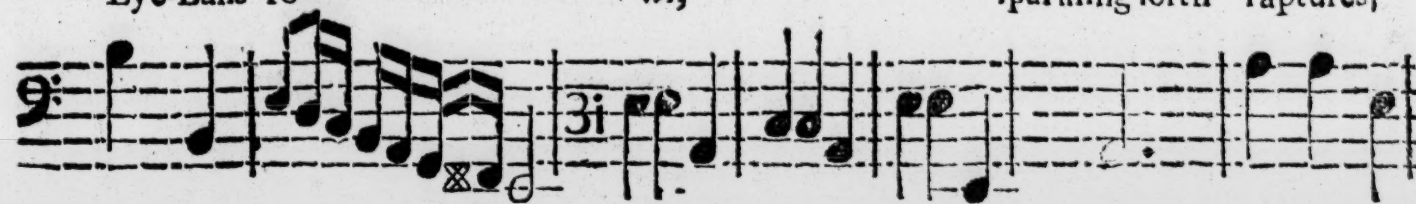
Soula-roun—d their Spheres, a-roun—d their Spheres my glow—ing





Eye-Balls ro—wl,

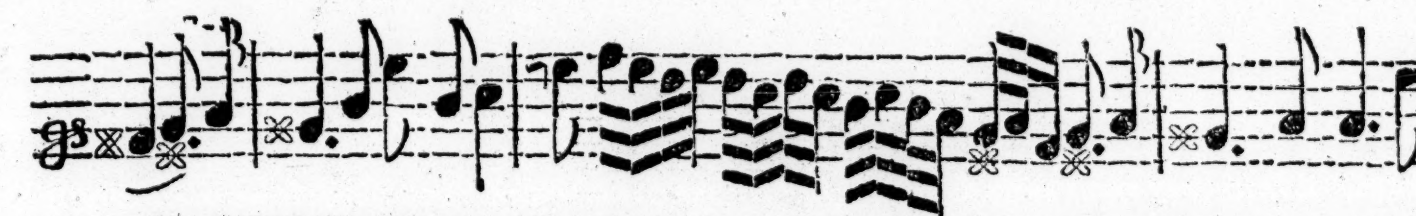
sparkling forth raptures,



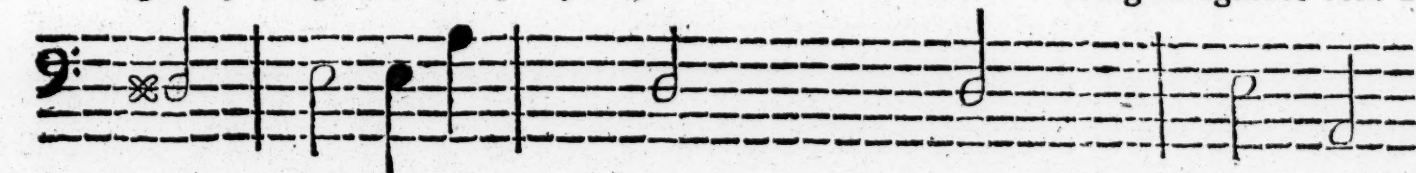
sparkling forth raptures, sparkling forth raptures from my ac—tive



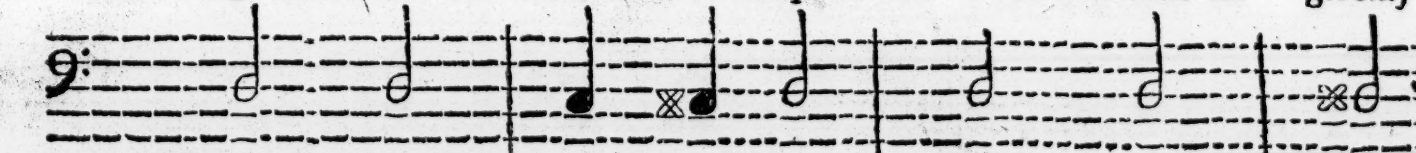
Breast. In vain I beg the fullen, the fullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his



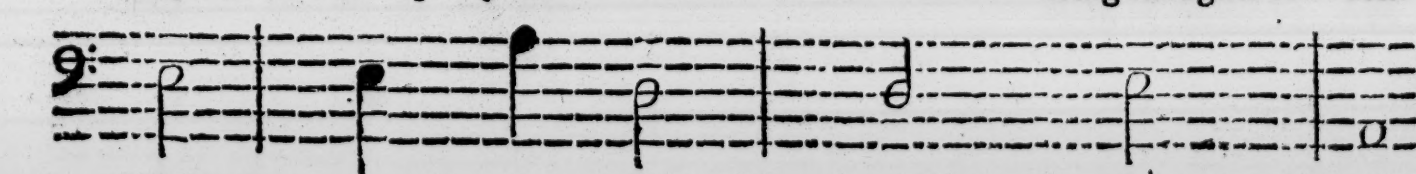
gloomy deep, to fetter up my wan—dring thoughts to rest. In



vain I beg the fullen, the fullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his gloomy



deep, to fet-ter up my wan—dring thoughts to rest.





A Song in the *Mask* for the *Lover's Last-Shift*, Sung by Mrs. Cross  
and the Boy, upon a Marriage Life. Sett by Mr. Francks.



G O Home, go Home, go Home un-happy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for



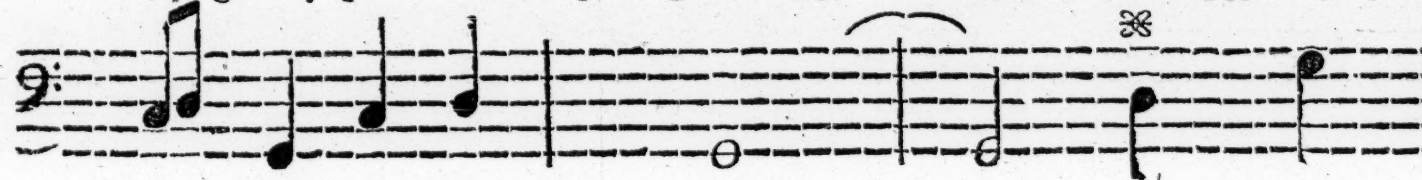
Go Home, go Home, go Home unpappy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for



all thy guil-ty pas—-sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home un-happy wretch, and



all thy guil-ty pas—-sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home unhappy wretch, and



mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion



mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guil-ty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion



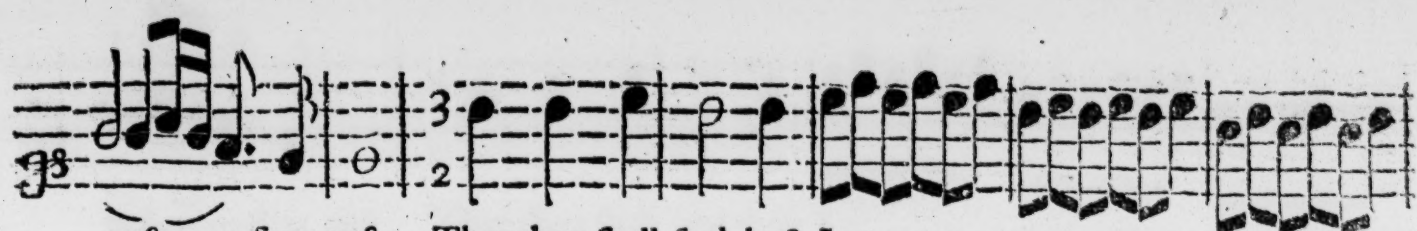
past, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guil-ty



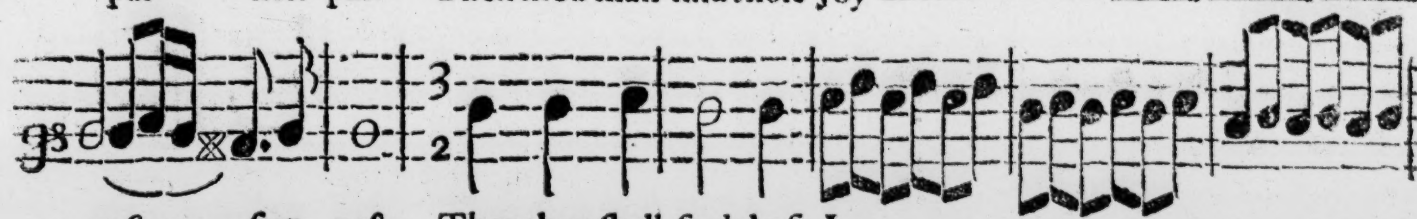
past, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guil-ty







pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy



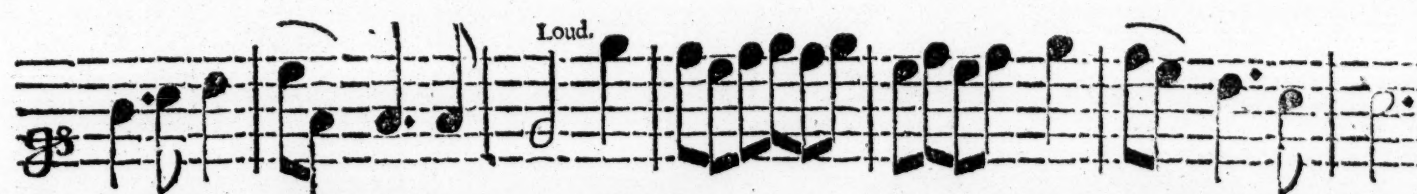
pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy



—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy



—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

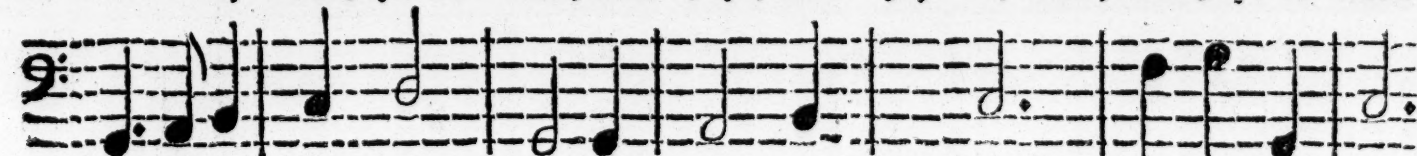


Loud.

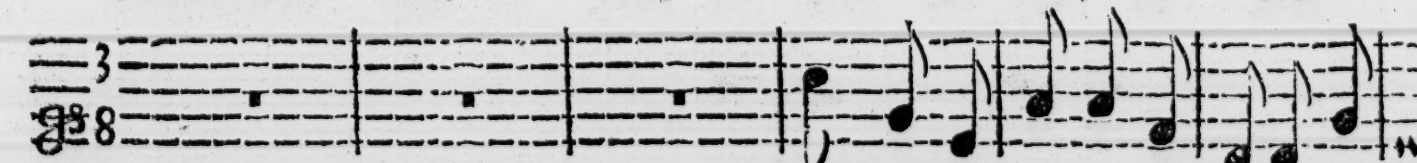
—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy —s, those, those Joys re—turn:



—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joys, those Joy—s, those, those Joys re—turn:



Which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever



Which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever





last; which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

ever, for ever, last; which shall for ever, for ever

last, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver last, for

last, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver last, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver last, for ever, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver last, for ever, for

ever, ever, e-ver last.

ever, ever, e-ver last.



A Song set by Mr. Finger, in the New Play call'd,  
(Love for Love.) The Words by Mr. Congreve.  
Sung by Mr. Pate and Mr. Reding.

Tell thee Charmion, Charmion,

Char- mion, cou'd I time re-trieve; I tell thee

Charmion, Char- mion, cou'd I time

retrieve, and cou'd again begin to Love, be-gin to Lo-

ve and live; To you, to you, to you. I shou'd my

earliest, ear-liest

D



Offering give; to you, to you, to you I shou'd my ear-lieft,

ear-lieft Offering give: I know my

Eyes wou'd lead my Heart, my Heart to you, I know, I know my Eyes wou'd lead my

Heart to you, and I shou'd all my Vows, all my Vows and Oaths renew; but to be

plain, I never, never wou'd be true, I never, never wou'd be true.



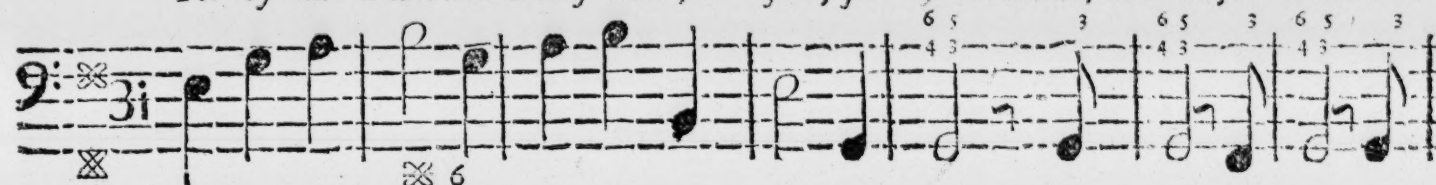
Chorus.



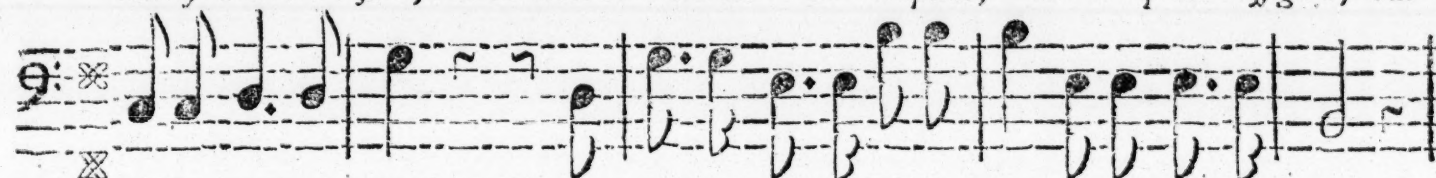
For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and



For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and



weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd, but



weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd,



run s, but run s with



but run s but run s



joy, with joy, with jo y the cir



with joy, with jo y the cir







—cle of the mind; but run—s with jo—



—cle of the mind; but run—s with jo—



—y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the



—y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the



mind; then never, never, never let us Chai—n what shou'd be free, but



mind; then never, never, never let us Chai—n what shou'd be free, but



for re-lief, but for re-lief of ei—ther Sex a—gree: Since Women



for re-lief, but for re-lief of ei—ther Sex a—gree:





love to change, since Women love to change, since Women

and so do we, and so do we.

love to change, since Women love to change, and so do

and so do we since Women love to change,

we, and so do we, and so do we, since

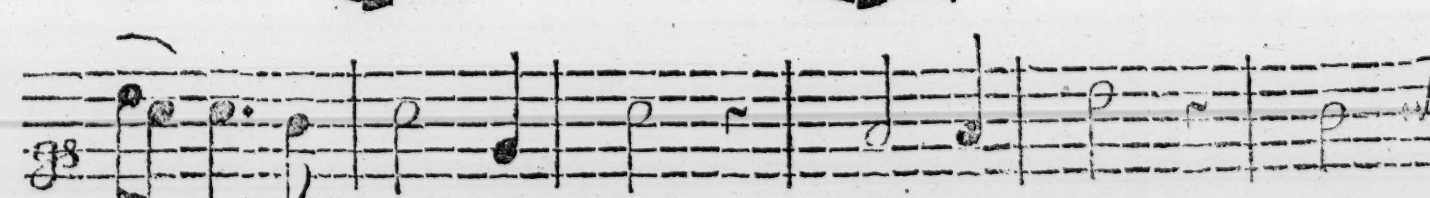
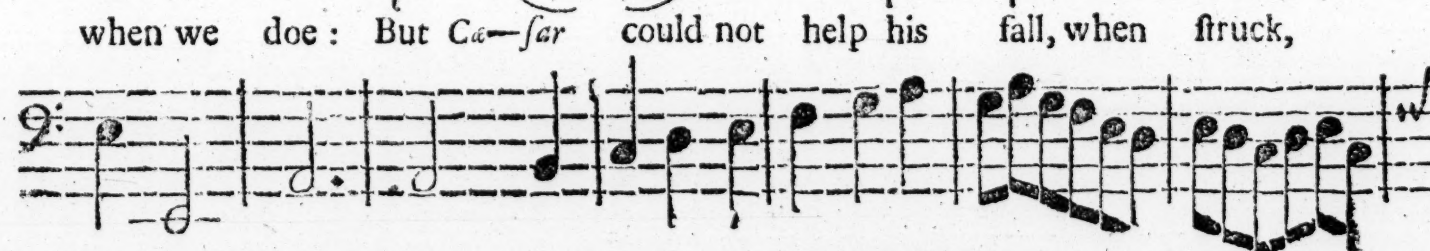
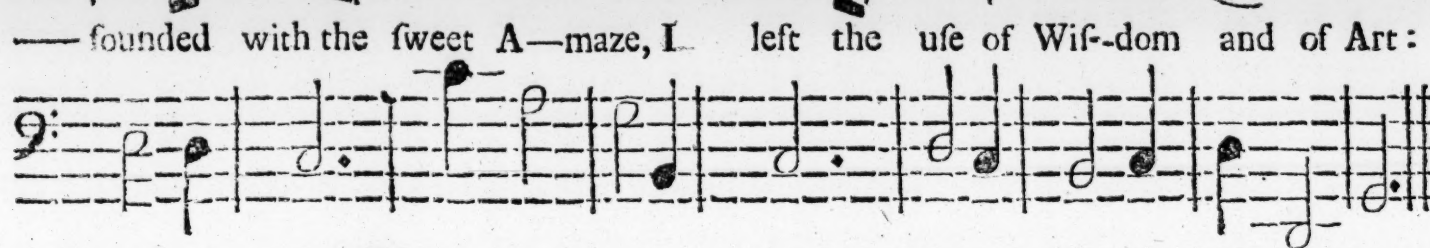
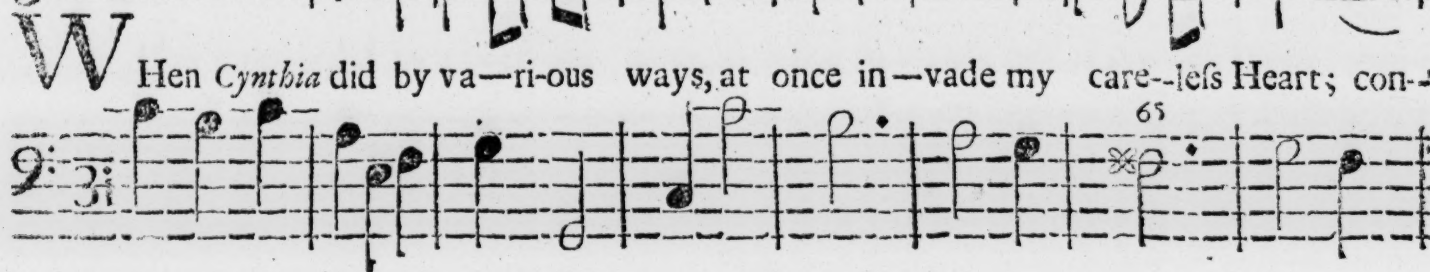
since Women love to change, since Women love to change, since

Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.

Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.



A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Consort in York-buildings.



When *Cynthia* did by va—ri—ous ways, at once in—vade my care—less Heart; con—

—founded with the sweet A—maze, I left the use of Wis—dom and of Art:

Wisdom for—bids to Love at all, Art bids us hide it

when we doe: But *Ca—sar* could not help his fall, when struck,

struck, when struck, struck, when struck, when struck with such

a sudden blow; when struck, struck, when struck, struck,



when struck, when struck with such a sudden blow.

A New Song set by Mr. R. W.

Well Cha-ri-es-ta then said I, since it must thus for e-ver be;

I can renounce your Sla-ve-ry, and since you will not, can be free:

Ma-ny a time she made me dye, yet wou'd you think't I lov'd the more, but

I'll not take't as here-to-fore, not I, I vow not I.



A New Song set by Mr. *Finger*, Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*,  
at the Confort in *Charles-street* in *Coventgarden*.

MY Suit will be over, my Fire will de-cline, if you'd have me be yours, you must

quickly be mine; no Shephard had e-ver a Heart better fram'd, no Lo-ver

e're yet had a Breast more in-flam'd: If a proof of my Passion be all you re-

-quire, my Sympathy will show the truth of my Fire; let your Heart be but warm

and I'm all on a flame, the moment 'tis cold your Shephard's the same.



A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

N a dark and lone—ly Den, clos d in

dismal Sha—des of Night, too many, many mournfull years I'd lain, to bear at

firſt the ray—es of light; you like the Sovereign of the

Day, with too much glo

—ry ſtruck my ſight, I turn'd my feeble Eyes a-way, to the pal—e Ruler

of the Night, to the pal—e Ruler of the Night:





Blind, blind I was to all, to all your Charms, such brightness from your Eyes there shone,



my weakness sav'd me from your Arms, I wanted strength to be undone; But now I'm



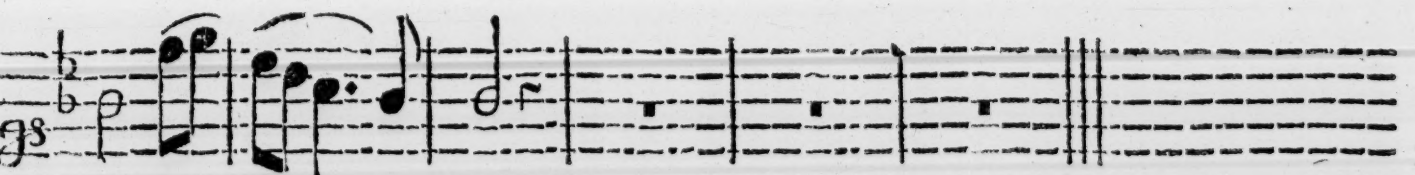
lost, but now I'm lost, and you'r a-dore'd, my freedom at your feet I



lay; since my Sences are re-stor'd, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—



—way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—



—way, my Heart a—way.





A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

Slow.

U N-happy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-lia's Scorn;

nor Time, nor Tongue can e're re-late, the Trage--dy of my hard Fate;

I in a Fever scorch and burn, with Love, but none do you re--turn'; If

pitty on me you'l not take, a--las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will

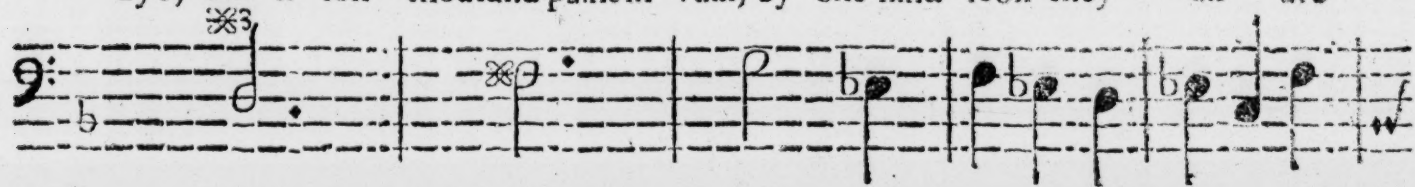
break, a--las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will break.

Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye, I wish a Thousand times to

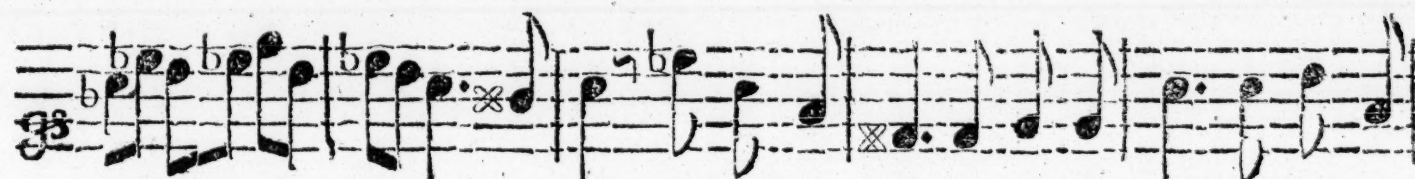
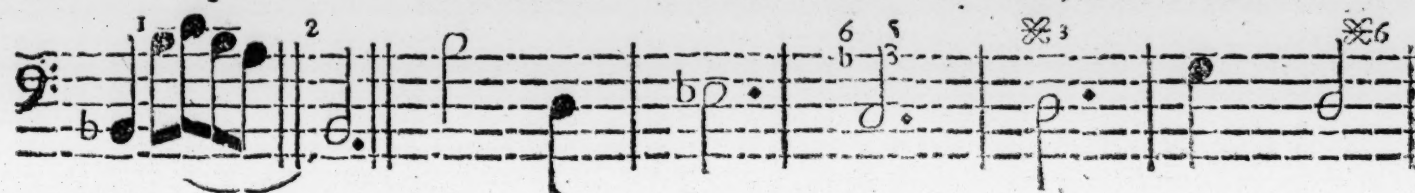




dye, but if ten—thousand pains in vain, by one kind look they all are



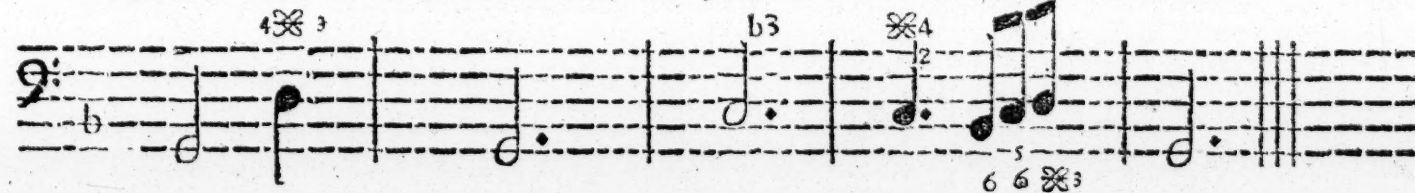
paid: For shoud I live and not ob—tain, that trouble is a



grea—ter pain, now lovely Fair I on—ly find, to let me



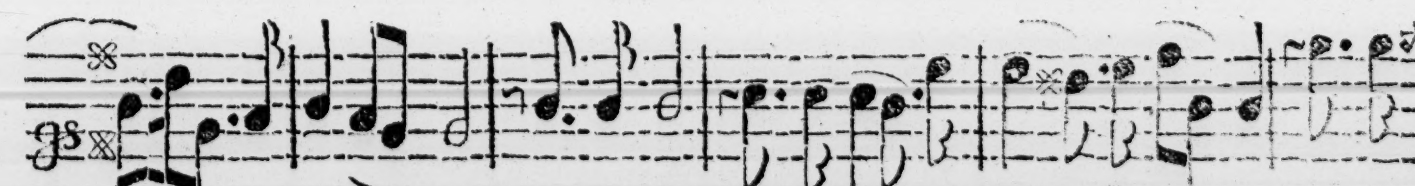
dye is to be kind, to let me dy—e is to be kind.



A Song Sung by Mrs. Cybber. Sett by Mr. Williams.



**B** E—lin—da change, change your fickle, your fickle, fickle mind, and to Stre—



phon be more kind, he that loves, he that loves and does a—dore ye, he that





Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The second measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The third measure contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The fourth measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The fifth measure contains a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The sixth measure contains a quarter note E3, a quarter note D3, and a quarter note C3. The seventh measure contains a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The eighth measure contains a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The ninth measure contains a quarter note C2, a quarter note B1, and a quarter note A1. The tenth measure contains a quarter note G1, a quarter note F1, and a quarter note E1. The eleventh measure contains a quarter note D1, a quarter note C1, and a quarter note B0. The twelfth measure contains a quarter note A0, a quarter note G0, and a quarter note F0. The thirteenth measure contains a quarter note E0, a quarter note D0, and a quarter note C0. The fourteenth measure contains a quarter note B0, a quarter note A0, and a quarter note G0. The fifteenth measure contains a quarter note F0, a quarter note E0, and a quarter note D0. The sixteenth measure contains a quarter note C0, a quarter note B0, and a quarter note A0. The seventeenth measure contains a quarter note G0, a quarter note F0, and a quarter note E0. The eighteenth measure contains a quarter note D0, a quarter note C0, and a quarter note B0. The nineteenth measure contains a quarter note A0, a quarter note G0, and a quarter note F0. The twentieth measure contains a quarter note E0, a quarter note D0, and a quarter note C0. The notation is written in a simple, folk-like style, with some notes marked with 'x' or 'y'.

A single staff of music in bass clef, representing the bass line of the song. It contains 12 measures. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). There are also decorative symbols like 'X' and 'Z' above certain notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a five-line staff with a treble clef. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. There are two 'X' marks above the staff, one at the beginning and one in the middle. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of several measures of music, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is in a standard musical style with a clear time signature of 4/4.

Musical notation for the right hand of the first system, showing a sequence of notes with a 6-measure rest.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and accidentals (sharps, flats, and naturals). There are also some decorative flourishes and a large 'X' mark at the end of the staff.

The second system of the handwritten musical score, consisting of two staves. The notation continues from the first system, featuring various note values, rests, and bar lines. The manuscript shows signs of age, with some ink bleed-through and slight fading.

The second system of the musical score, measures 56 to 64. It continues the melody in the treble clef. Measure 56 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Measure 57 has a measure rest. Measure 58 has a quarter note. Measure 59 has a quarter note. Measure 60 has a quarter note. Measure 61 has a quarter note. Measure 62 has a quarter note. Measure 63 has a quarter note. Measure 64 has a quarter note. The system ends with a double bar line.



Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*, in the *Ridiculous Lovers*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.

U N-justly Phil-lis you accuse your slave with want of ten-der Love; for when dull

Wedlock I re-fuse, tis that my flame may last-ing prove: Not Winds can

more command the Sea, than un-wed Phillis Stre-phon may; but ty-rant

Wed-lock does decree, that conqu'ring Woman shall o-bey.

II.

When e're you Wed you must resign  
Your pow'r of being Cruel too;  
The dread of which now makes me thine,  
And will preserve me ever so:  
The Knott of Love if ty'd by truth,  
No Time nor Fate can e're unbind;  
Then yeild thy Beauty and thy Youth,  
And Strephon shall be ever kind.

Song Sung at the Confort in *York-buildings*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.

H Ow Peacefull the Days are, how Pleasant the Nights, how full of all Plea-sures,





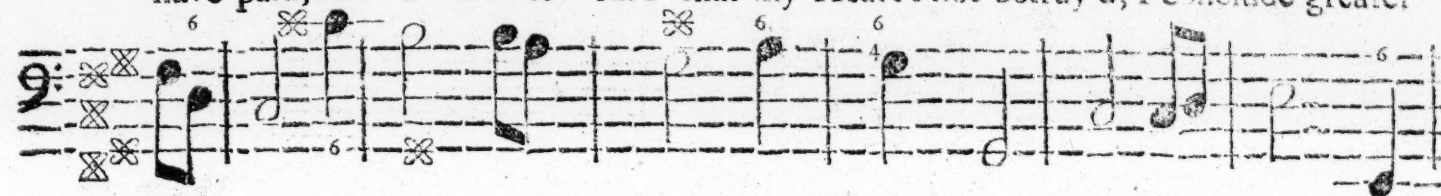
all Joys and Delights; when the Eyes of *Da-rin-da* her Heart does dis-cover, with



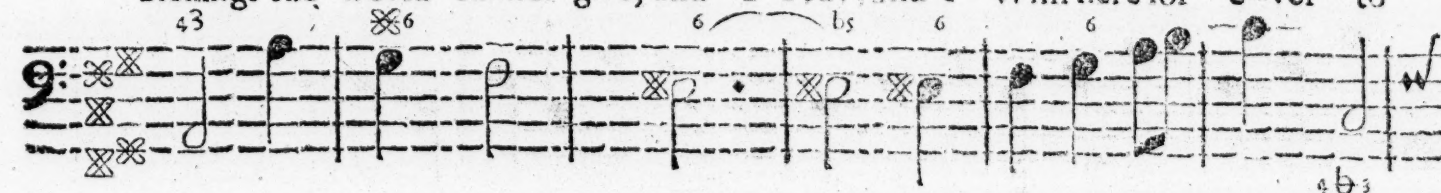
all the kind looks of a Passionate Lover. When Kisses and Vows Loves earnest



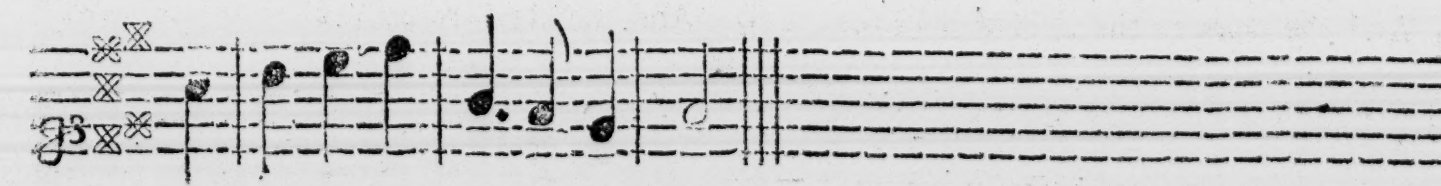
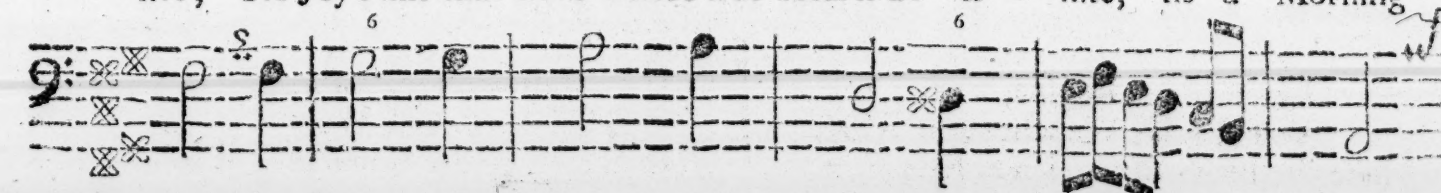
have paid, and I am se-cure that my Heart's not betray'd, I conclude greater



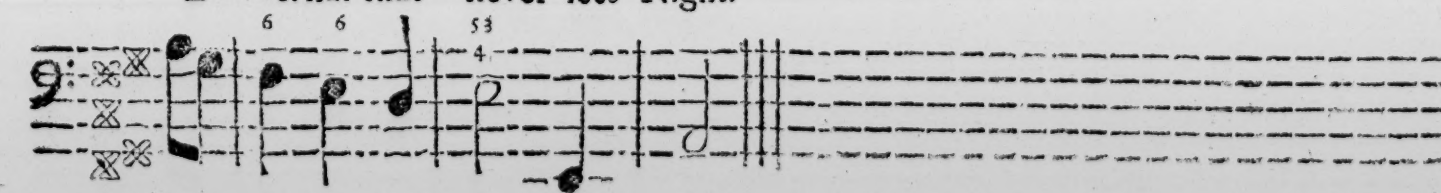
blessings the world cannot give, and I Pray and I Wish here for e-ver to



live; No Joy's like that Love where true Hearts do U-nite, 'tis a Morning



E-ternal that never sees Night.





A Song in the *Lover's Luck*, Sung by Mr. Redding and Mr. Curco,  
And Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



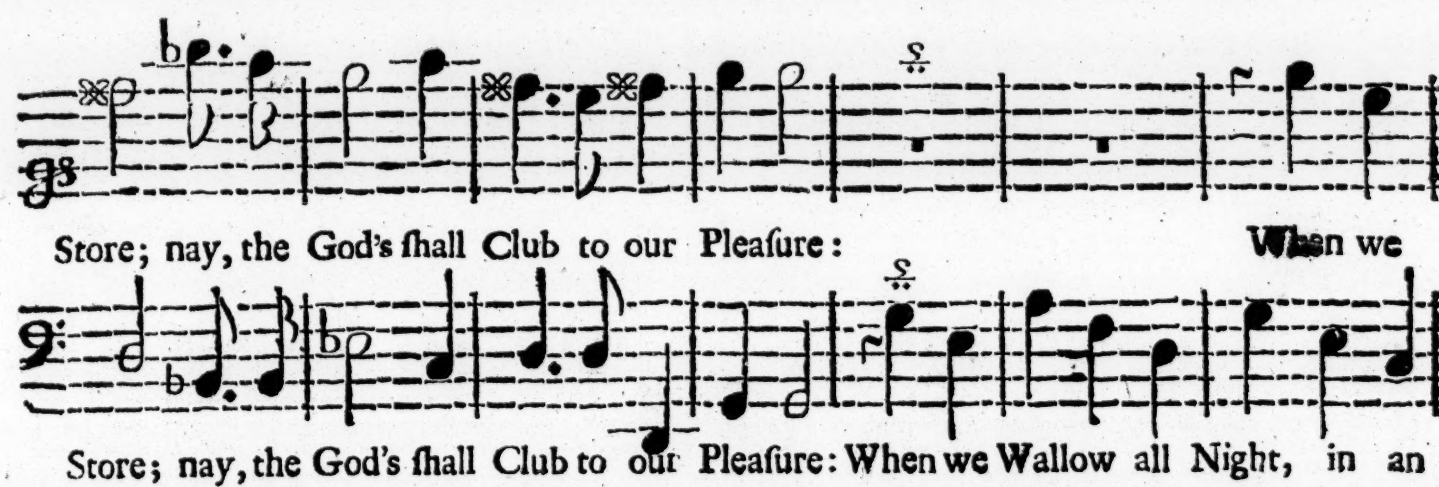
LET us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us Re-vel and Roa—

Let us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us



—r, and Roa—r, the whole World is our

Re-vel and Roar, and Roa—r, the whole world is our



Store; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we

Store; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we Wallow all Night, in an

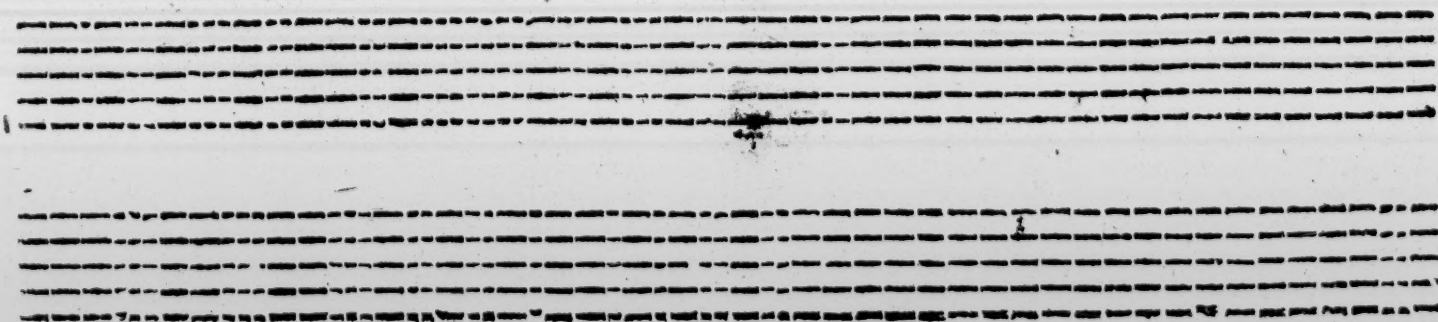


Wallow all Night, in an unknown de-light, Au-ro-ra dis-covers the Treasure.

unknown de-light, in an unknown de-light, Au-ro-ra dis-covers the Treasure.

Let us never Repine,  
Whilst brisk Wenches and Wine,  
Make the Brims of our Lives Run over;  
Leave the *How* and the *What*,  
To the Politick Sott,  
And the *When* to the Fool of a Lover.

Thus we are free from all Cares,  
Of Taxes and Wars,  
We know not the Name of dull Sorrow;  
Ev'ry Purse is our prey,  
Which we Spend in a day,  
And the Devil take Care for to Morrow.





A Song Sett by Mr. Robert King.

W Hy Phillis must your an-ger try to wrack a Zea-lous Breaft, a-

las, a-las, I ne-ver can de-ny the Lo-ve which

I pro-fest: If I must be your Mar-tyr now, to prove, to prove my

Passion true, it is but just you shou'd allow my ho-

pes, my ho-pes of Heav'n in you.



The last Song that Mr. *Henry Purcell* Sett before he Dy'd.

Ove-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na, Love-ly, Lovely Al-

bi-na's, come, co-me a-shore, to enter her just, just claim;

ten times more Char-ming, ten times more Char-

ming then be-fore; To her Immor-

tal Fame,

Fame. The Bel-gick Lyon, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel-gick



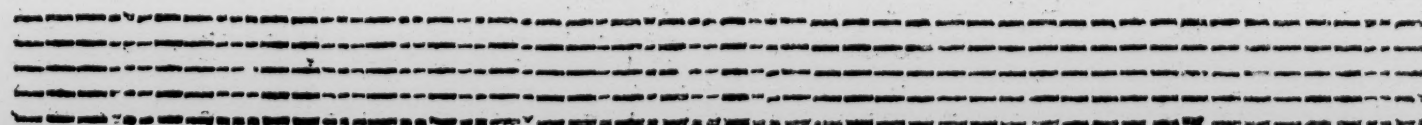
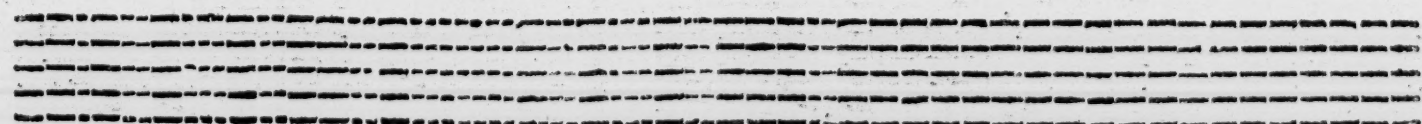
Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, this

Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, will, will re-leave, for nothing,

nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can liv-

e, and let her griev-

e and let her grieve.





( 1 )

Mr. Banister's First Trebles.

Slow.

*Symphony.*

( 2 )

Trumpet Minuet.

Round O.

( 3 )

Minuet.

( 4 )

Minuet.



( 1 )

Mr. Banister's Second Trebles.

Slow.

*Symphony.*

( 2 )

Trumpet Minuet.

Round C.

( 3 ) Minuet.

( 4 ) Minuet.



( 5 )  
A March.

First Trebles.



( 6 )



( 7 ) Saraband.



( 8 ) Minuet.





( 5 )

*A March.*

Second Trebles.



( 6 )



( 7 ) *Saraband.*



( 8 ) *Minuet.*





( 9 )

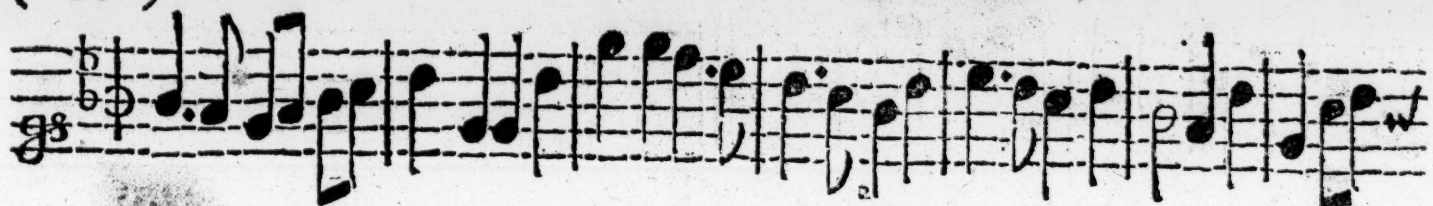
Mr. Pesable's First Trebles.



*Minuet.*



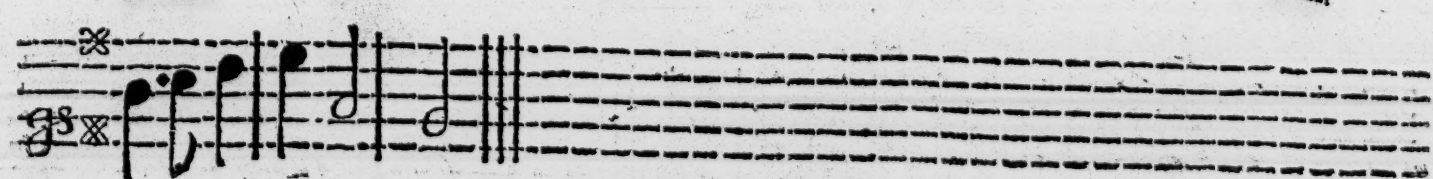
( 10 )



( 11 )



( 12 ) *Minuet.*



F I N I S.



( 9 ) Mr. Pesable's Second Trebles.



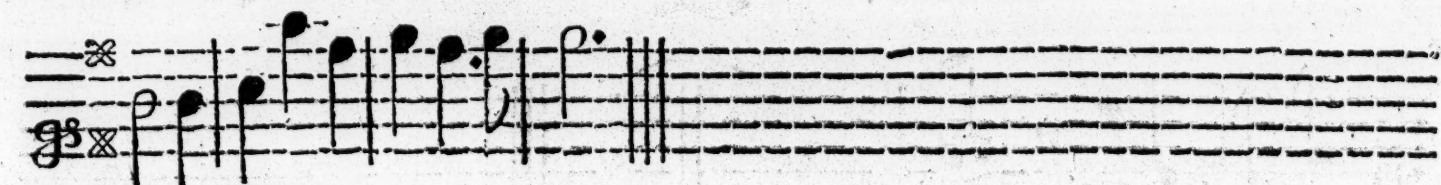
*Minuet.*



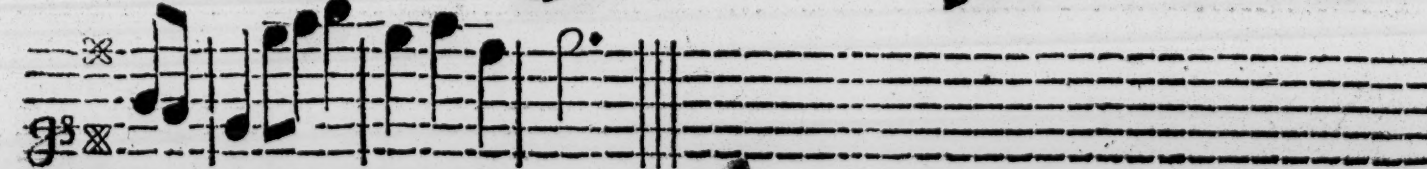
( 10 )



( 11 )



( 12 ) *Minuet.*



K

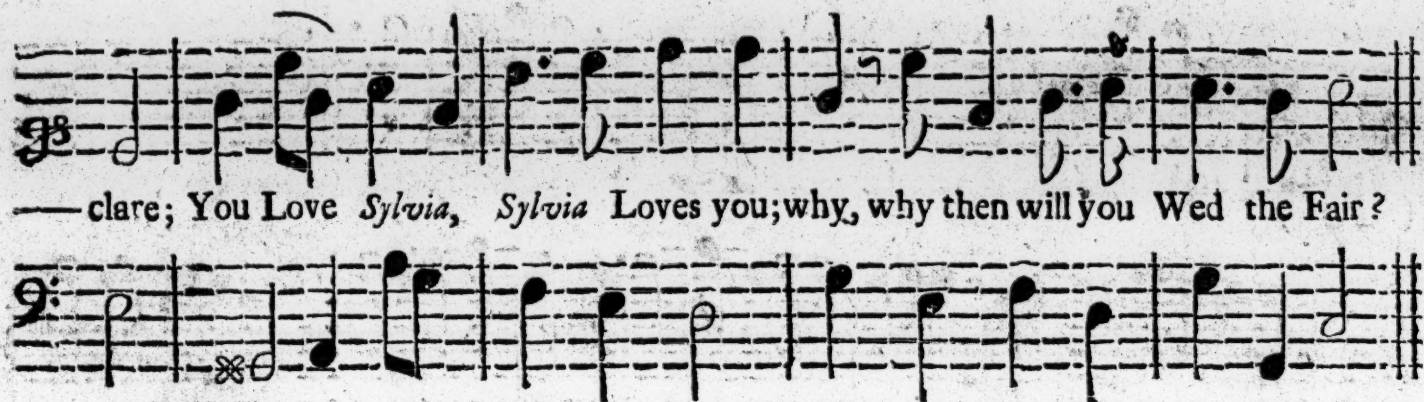
F I N I S



## A Song, Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.



W Hat un-grate-full De—vil move you! Come, come my Friend, the Truth de—



—clare; You Love Sylvia, Sylvia Loves you; why, why then will you Wed the Fair?



Marriage-joyning does dis—co—ver, but Love-free—ing joyns for Life: Wou'd you,



wou'd you, wou'd you Love the Nymph for ever? Never, never, never, never, never,



never let her be your Wife.

